

The snapshot at the upper left shows James Roosevelt and the present Mrs. Elliot Roosevelt at Fort Worth, Texas. The companion picture shows Elliot Roosevelt with the President on holiday.

In the lower left is a photograph of the Roosevelts taken at Hyde Park before Franklin D. Roosevelt assumed the Presidency. It includes James Roosevelt, Elliot Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and John Roosevelt in the background; in the center, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt and his mother. Mrs. James Roosevelt holding her daughter, Sarah, and the present Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, are seated in the foreground.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and his wife appear in costume at the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club in the photograph in the circle below, while the candid camera picture at the bottom shows John Roosevelt and wife between swims somewhere in New England.



THESE
AMAZING
ROOSEVELTS

by

DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

My dear Mr. Swanson:

An amazing and
friendly family!

Sincerely

Wm L Stidger

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As An American Family

As An American Family

THERE has never been a White House family like the present one. And with a sigh of relief or regret, depending on how you feel about the Roosevelts, you can be sure there will never be another like it. They have broken more precedents, ignored more conventions, made themselves loved or hated in more unexpected places, done more talking, been more talked about, gallivanted hither and yon with greater abandon; in short, got more attention, good, bad and indifferent, than has ever before been the lot of a Presidential family. The result is that, today, it is not the New Deal that's the most discussed issue before the country. It's the Roosevelts.

Vast numbers of people who would never attempt to express an opinion on the intricacies of tax legislation, the farm bill or Social Security, get all steamed up, pro or con, when the talk turns to the Roosevelts. And if, as is not at all impossible, the present occupant of the White House should decide, come 1940, to have a try for a third term, it is safe to say that the nation's articulate voters, from the cracker barrel in the most remote crossroads store to the halls of Congress, will be no more influenced by President Roosevelt, than by the Roosevelts. They have become America's major fireside phenomenon and one of its large-scale political issues.

Indeed, large-scale figures truly apply to the President's family as well as to his political life. There are five direct descendants of the President and the First Lady, with their husband and wives comprising a like number. This gives us ten to begin with. There are at this writing eight grandchildren, including the recently born Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 3rd. This is a total of eighteen persons. Adding the President and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and the President's mother, Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt, this Roosevelt Clan includes twenty-one in all.

America has become well acquainted with these twenty-one personalities, young and old, by virtue of the printed word and even more so perhaps by reason of the candid cameras ceaselessly trained on them by news photographers and by our ubiquitous newsreels—with their talking movies.

A great deal has been written about various individual members of the White House family. But the story of the family, itself, has never been told. To tell that story, the first intimate, non-political and completely frank account of the Roosevelt Presidential clan, is the purpose of this book.

The citizens of a democracy have a right to know about those whom they elect to serve them, for, in a democracy, elected officials are, actually, our servants. And, in a sense, when we send a man to the White House we do more than elect a single individual as our Chief Executive. We elect all the members of his family to public office.

So long as that family occupies the White House they are not, and cannot be, private citizens. What they do and say is not only common knowledge, but also a public responsibility. Upon all of them rests an obligation which is not that of an ordinary citizen. They are subject to the gaze of the nation and the world, and they are answerable, whether they like it or not, to the American people. The American people not only want to know, they have a right to know about them.

It is not easy to sum up the Roosevelts in a phrase. It would not be easy to describe them adequately, even in a book. They are personalities, cut in as many different patterns as there are individuals in the family. Perhaps they can best be described, in an introductory and summing up sort of way, by a little Roosevelt parable.

During the 1936 Presidential campaign, I visited one day at the spacious Roosevelt estate in Hyde Park, New York. My car was parked in front of the wide portico, guarded by the massive white pillars which stand on each side of the entrance to the house. It was fairly early in the morning. The Roosevelt breakfast, a meal that is eaten serially by the various members of the family, was evidently just completed. At any rate, while I waited in front of the entrance, one after another, practically all the members of the family, save the President, put in an appearance. The President was already in a conference in his tiny office that looks out on the portico where I was sitting, and I could hear his voice through the open window.

But the rest of the Roosevelts were all on the move. Sistie and Buzzie Dall, grandchildren, emerged from the house, watched over by a nurse but already engaged in a violent argument as to what to do. At the steps they broke away from the nurse; one of them headed for the garage in the rear, the other for the woods.

When the nurse finally got them together again, the two youngsters renewed their vehement argument as to what they should do that morning by way of amusement.

Then Buzzie whispered to Sistie. As he did so, Sistie started to laugh in loud, childish glee. She evidently had something on Buzzie and began to tease her young brother in true Rooseveltian fashion.

The Secret Service men walked over to settle the dispute and to find out what the argument and the laughing were all about. It was a pleasant break in the May morning's duties of guarding a president who evidently didn't need guarding at that particular moment.

Gus Gennerich, later claimed by death, but just then the President's personal bodyguard, asked Sistie what it was that made her laugh. Sistie yelled in delight, "What do you think, Buzzie wants to play dolls? And he's a boy! Can you beat that?"

The Secret Service men laughed with Sistie and teased Buzzie, much to the amusement of all of us who had heard the argument between these two younger members of the Roosevelt clan. Even they were independent enough finally to go

their separate ways and do what they well pleased that morning.

Their argument had hardly been settled when John, youngest of the President's children, appeared with a sweat shirt thrown over his shoulder and a tennis racket in his hand. He was followed by Franklin, Jr., loaded down with golf clubs which he tossed into a roadster that took him off in a cloud of dust. Then came Eleanor Roosevelt, in riding habit. And she was scarcely around the corner, en route to the stables, when a final figure, the most commanding of them all, moved majestically through the doorway, and Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, with a somewhat distant smile in our direction walked slowly to the edge of the steps, looked approvingly across the wide expanse of lawn in front of her, glanced appraisingly at the sky, smiled briefly at me again and turned, with equally deliberate majesty, and moved back into the house.

That, I said to myself, is a perfect picture of the Roosevelt family. Everybody doing something, the something in each case, being different; six Roosevelts, all of them in action, and all of them headed in different directions; each of them apparently persuaded, from the grandchildren to their great-grandmother, that their lives were their own to be lived according to their individual and separate patterns.

And it is that fact which makes the writing of this story difficult. Few families are bound together by stronger personal ties than the Roose-

velts. But few families, on the other hand, fit less into a single picture. It is impossible to tie them all up together and say, "There are the Roosevelts." They do not tie easily. Roosevelts seldom do. And, even when they are momentarily tied, it is seldom together.

Now the questions which the American people ask about the Roosevelts and which, in this book, I am going to try to answer are numerous.

It is a sort of indoor sport in which the American people feel free to indulge because we are Americans, and live in a democracy. If we were in a dictatorship, my guess is that we would still do it around cracker boxes in the good old American country store forum, over the back fences of America, on the party line telephones, in our American clubs where the old men gather after they have "made themselves disconsolate with mutton grease," and are in a gossiping mood.

I have had all sorts of questions about the Roosevelts popped at me by all sorts of people all over the country. Americans want to know, for example, how Eleanor Roosevelt and the President's mother get along together. They read awhile ago how the town of Amarillo, Texas, had a mother-in-law celebration recently while Mrs. Roosevelt was in that fair city. At that celebration they presented the nation's most prominent example of the mother-in-law problem with something like two tons of roses and then asked her to make a speech about mothers-in-law—which she did, in her usual gracious manner. In that speech she said some very kind and understanding things

about her own mother-in-law. But American newspaper readers saw in that very newspaper a photograph of the President, his mother and his wife, and they smiled knowingly as they noticed that the mother sat between the President and his wife, as is nearly always true when these three are photographed together.

Americans want to know if the President is a thoughtful husband, and what the children think of their father. They wonder if that father is a good father in the sense of inspiring in his sons a passion for the social principles in which he seems to believe so profoundly. They wonder if the President can be called a successful father according to our American standards of inspiring his own children to follow the same social conceptions that he, himself, has. American people notice that two of the sons have allied themselves, either in business or matrimony, with two of the President's most vigorous enemies, and men who have consistently, not to say vehemently, fought the New Deal. In most American homes this would be looked upon as disloyalty, even family treason, and yet it does not seem to disturb the President in the least.

These democratic citizens of a free nation want to know further whether these sons of the White House really have anything on the ball, and if so, what? Whether they have got where they are because they are sons of the President and have been granted certain concessions growing out of that, either on the part of the President himself or because of his influence. They also want to

know about this divorce matter; why there have been two White House divorces. Whether the present marriages of the children are happy ones. What the chances are that Franklin, Jr.'s, marriage to a DuPont will bring about a reconciliation between the New Deal Roosevelts and the Old-New Deal DuPonts? They have read Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's magazine article on divorce in which she takes a solemn and idealistic stand on this matter of broken homes; in which she takes her stand as opposed to divorce in principle, but in which she also judiciously makes a place for exceptions to that idealistic stand.

It is all very puzzling to the mass of the American voters, especially to the female portion of that mass. They want to know whether Jimmy Roosevelt has his eye on the White House. Why two members of the family have gone to work for William Randolph Hearst, arch foe of the Roosevelt ideas and the Roosevelt family.

These are only a few of the questions which I have had put to me, and which thousands of other Americans are asking. And it is chiefly to answer such questions as these that this family portrait is written.

Now to get this story of the Roosevelt family straight from the beginning, it is necessary to make a few references to that well-known American shrub, the family tree. The Roosevelts, as the whole world knows, are Dutch. Those who know Mr. Roosevelt best are most aware of that fact. The Dutch, like the Scotch, are a frugal people. Mr. Roosevelt, although his business ex-

perience has been very limited, is penny wise. He loves to figure accounts. The management of affairs on the Hyde Park estate is one of his great delights. On pay day, on the estate, he will take an envelope filled with bills of proper denominations, and make the rounds, paying off each farm-hand personally. He is a gentleman farmer. But he would like to make his farming pay. That is particularly true of his thousand-acre cotton farm in Georgia.

The President's ancestry, however, was rooted deep in the soil of the New World long before the Revolution. It is also characteristically American that the walls of Hyde Park House have hanging on them the oil paintings of a number of what the President calls the "worthier" of his forebears. Given a moment of leisure, which he seldom is, Mr. Roosevelt can lean back in his chair, take a long pull from his cigarette and give chapter and verse on the family background, including some of the raucous adventures of some of the less highly regarded members of the clan.

Mr. Roosevelt's father, James Roosevelt, was a Democrat in a county which had, and still has, few Democrats in it. In the Civil War period, however, he was a Lincoln Democrat, and that was particularly displeasing to some of his ultra-conservative neighbors.

Despite the fact that his father died when Franklin was a very young boy, the paternal influence was very great. One of the most striking memories which the President has of his father was of a visit to the White House during the

Cleveland administration. James Roosevelt took his young son into the presence of the President. Mr. Cleveland, harassed by his opponents, was a very tired man. He saw the youngster, and reached down and put a hand on his head. "Whatever you strive for," he said, "never seek to be the President of the United States."

In some considerable measure, it was the independence of the father that accounted for the independence of the son. Franklin Roosevelt, like James Roosevelt, refused to accept the Hyde Park pattern, socially or politically, but preferred to go his own way, regardless of how that way might outrage the conservatism of the community.

The President's mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, is in the same independent tradition. Her father was engaged in the China trade. When she was eight years old she went to China with her mother in a square-rigged clipper ship to meet her father who, at the time, was in Hongkong. The journey to China took four months.

James Roosevelt, her husband, was many years her senior. When he died in 1900 she took over the family affairs in which she has been dominant ever since. It would be difficult to find a more perfect example of the Victorian dowager. She is outspoken, self-confident, uncompromising. Furs, orchids (on special occasions sent by her son) and a lorgnette are indispensable parts of her going-out costumes, and she goes out continually.

She has great pride in her family and in her son. When some one asked her recently why she thought the "T. R." branch of the family was so

antagonistic to the "F. D. R." branch of the family her reply was, "I can't imagine, unless it's because we're better looking than they are."

When any one asks her about her pride in her son, her reply is always the same. "I've *always* been proud of him." When her son is under discussion she invariably rises to his defense, even against her grandchildren. Once she heard one of the President's sons refer to him as "the old man." She immediately took up the cudgels. "You ought to know," she said, "that your father is a very *great* man."

I happened to be invited to attend the Inaugural Reception at the White House on that rainy January day in 1937. I looked forward to it with some awe and misgiving. However, from the minute we got into that long line of visitors we felt as well acquainted as if we had been in some small town church reception for the new pastor. It was all as simple and democratic as that and, indeed, somewhat in the same spirit. There were soft shirts and stiff ones, white collars and blue ones. It was a homely everyday American crowd and everybody felt at home.

When we finally found our way up the stairs into the reception room there was Mrs. Roosevelt with her usual smile shaking hands with an interminable procession. Over in another corner of the room was James Farley, and he, too, had his own reception line and a group of curious citizens clustered around him. In another corner was Madame Roosevelt with the largest crowd of all in her line and surrounding her. A curious

woman friend of mine stopped to have a chat with her about her son, the President of the United States who was playing with his stamps that evening, as the newspapers later recorded, instead of attending the reception.

This woman friend said, a bit complainingly, "I'm sorry the President isn't here."

Mrs. Roosevelt said, "He's had a hard day, and I guess he has a right to play a little bit this evening." There was no argument about it and no rancor; just a dignified statement of fact, which appealed to my woman friend and settled for her the important matter of the President's absence from that particular function. And then that American mother added, "I'm more concerned about his catching cold from today's rain than I am about his not being at this reception. We can take care of that."

It is said that the supreme moment in the life of Franklin Roosevelt's mother was the occasion, on March 4, 1933, just after the inauguration ceremony at the Capitol. The President had returned to the White House. The great company of notables was assembling. The President, himself, was announced and went up to his mother, gave her his arm and, with her, led the way in to the buffet luncheon.

The question that naturally arises at that point is, "Where was the President's wife; and who took the First Lady of the Land to lunch?" That is an unanswered question, although James, the oldest son, probably was on hand to do the honors. But the incident indicates that it is Mrs. James Roose-

vult who, when she is on hand, rules the family. Her ruling includes the President, and it also includes his wife.

I suppose the query arises, here, as to how Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt and her mother-in-law get along anyway. That might be answered with some customary remarks about how wives of only sons generally get along with their mothers-in-law. In the case of the Roosevelt family there are additional complications. Mrs. James Roosevelt has the money and, over the early years, she doled it out to her son and daughter-in-law. It was she who arranged living quarters after their honeymoon, hired servants and, in general, did a great many of those things which young wives usually like to do for themselves.

Eleanor Roosevelt was a member of one of the financially poorer branches of the family. She first met the President when she was only four years old, when she was taken on a visit to Hyde Park. The young Franklin is said, although Mrs. Roosevelt denies remembering it, to have carried little Eleanor around the nursery pickaback.

Later on, after her coming-out party in New York, which was held at Sherry's famous restaurant, she began to have occasional "dates" with Franklin. In 1904, their engagement was announced. According to the custom of the family, she had to call together the members of the Delano clan and make a formal announcement. That of all pre-marital procedures, was the most embarrassing, and she has made it a point to discontinue the practice in her own family.

Franklin, at that time, had his mind set on going into the Navy, this fondness for the Navy having continued through his terms as assistant Secretary of the Navy during the World War and, now, as President. The family, however, interfered on the question of a Naval career. The numerous disadvantages of a life spent away from home were pointed out to him, and he was finally persuaded to study law.

The wedding of Franklin and Eleanor took place on St. Patrick's Day in 1905. Her father was dead, and the plan was to have "Uncle Ted," President of the United States, give her in marriage. That, however, was not an easily arranged matter, presidents being generally very much occupied in Washington, and the wedding was held in New York. However, the President said he would do what he could and, in the end, the wedding was set for a day when he had to come to New York to review a parade. That was the 17th of March, 1905.

Previous to that, on March 4, Uncle Ted had asked them to come to Washington to attend his inauguration. They went, thinking, doubtless, that this would be their one and only opportunity to see a member of the family sworn into the Presidential office.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's wedding gift to Eleanor was an old-fashioned gold watch. No happily married American woman could be more sentimental about such a wedding trinket. Styles have long since changed, and watches of that kind are no longer worn in the best-dressed circles. Never-

theless, Mrs. Roosevelt, defiant of custom, very frequently wears it, pinned with a clasp that carries part of the Roosevelt crest, on her most up-to-date party dresses. It is this same sentiment that leads Mrs. Roosevelt to keep the lace from her wedding dress in a New York vault. It was worn by not only herself, but by her grandmother, her mother and her daughter, Anna.

When Franklin and Eleanor were married, his mother gave Eleanor a four-strand necklace of pearls as a wedding gift. Mrs. Roosevelt, as each of her sons has married, has taken one strand and passed it on to her daughter-in-law as her wedding gift. In addition to that, the President and his wife, as their more formal, less intimate gift, always present the bridal couple with a chest of table silver.

Of all sentimental treasures the one that Mrs. Roosevelt cherishes most is an old silver locket. She always wears this, but keeps it slipped inside her dress so that it does not show. It was a gift to her from Franklin Roosevelt on the occasion of their engagement. It is in no sense expensive, as a piece of jewelry, but on one side it has the crest of the Roosevelt family and on the other side the initials of the two young people. But there is more than this, to the reason for Mrs. Roosevelt's attachment. All of her five children cut their teeth on this locket and, upon examination, the dents of their teeth can still be seen upon it.

Despite the dominating character of her mother-in-law, Eleanor Roosevelt, after her marriage, began to take an interest in many things

on her own account. She is naturally a person of broad and deep sympathies, and she came into early association with Frances Perkins, now Secretary of Labor, and Robert F. Wagner, now United States Senator from New York, both of whom were interested in improving the lot of the New York poor. In fact, it is undoubtedly true that Franklin Roosevelt's early stimulus toward an interest in the same type of problems, which he has carried on as President, was received from his wife.

The important point is that, mother-in-law or no mother-in-law, Eleanor Roosevelt has managed to live her own life in her own way. Today, perhaps the most significant evidence of that independence is the little house which, with her own money and for her own exclusive use, she has built some distance away from Hyde Park House. No one, not even Mrs. James Roosevelt, goes to that house save by special invitation from Eleanor Roosevelt. In it, the First Lady of the Land is mistress. Perhaps, in a sense, it serves as something of escape from the larger house in which, even as the wife of the President of the United States, she does not sit opposite the President at the table, and is obliged, in other ways, to take second place.

In the White House, Eleanor Roosevelt's broad sympathies have expressed themselves by her wide interest in a great variety of good causes.

It is said, for example, that the Negroes of the nation who deserted the Republicans in 1932 and 1936, and voted overwhelmingly for Mr. Roose-

velt, were influenced as much by the friendliness of the President's wife as by the program of the President. In the South the bitter enemies of the New Deal circulated widely a photograph showing Mrs. Roosevelt entering Howard University, a colored school in Washington, in company with Negroes. But this photograph, although it may have cost the President a few votes in the South, won him a vast number of votes among the Negroes of the North.

On one or two occasions, Mrs. Roosevelt's sympathies have run afoul of the Secret Service men who guard the President and the White House. The story is told of how a poor man, some way or other, got to her and told his hard-luck story. She, as usual, was deeply moved. She determined to put the poor fellow up, right there in the White House, until the next day when she could do something toward finding him a job. The Secret Service heard about it. They were upset, to say the least. A stranger, off the streets, sleeping under the same roof with the President of the United States. They protested to Mrs. Roosevelt. But their protests were in vain. She insisted and, eventually, had her own way. It is told, as an aftermath of that story, that before the poor man left the next day he had appropriated some of the White House silver and that the Secret Service was in a position to say to Mrs. Roosevelt—diplomatically, of course—"We told you so."

The part that Mrs. Roosevelt plays in determining Presidential policies has been greatly overestimated. As I have already pointed out, she

had a good deal of influence upon him when he first started his public career. Moreover, in 1928, it was her long-distance argument from Albany to Warm Springs, Georgia, that persuaded him, after Louis Howe, Al Smith and Jim Farley had all failed, to run for governor of New York. Her ambitions already had the White House on the horizon.

Nevertheless, now that she is there, she seldom puts in her oar. She has a few pet projects of her own, particularly some undertakings of the Resettlement administration. These she looks after carefully. She is very much interested in the National Youth Administration, and the heads of that organization make it a point, and very wisely, to keep her well informed of what they are doing. But, day in and day out, she is seldom called on by the President for advice, and seldom offers any. She reports on what she finds in her various trips throughout the country. She keeps in touch with a number of women's organizations and, occasionally, arranges for the President to see some of their representatives. But, aside from these areas of special interest, she makes no effort to enter into the business of running the country. The greatest exception to this rule was during the 1936 campaign. Then she took an active hand. She was a member of the President's strategy board before the campaign started. After the campaign got under way she spent a great deal of time in the offices of the Democratic National Committee at the Biltmore Hotel, New York. Her special interest was the women's division.

But it was well known around headquarters that she dropped in regularly upon Jim Farley and Charlie Michelson, publicity chief, and on a few occasions she made drastic recommendations about the conduct of the campaign and stayed with them until they were meticulously carried out.

She has one rule she never breaks. She will not, under any circumstances, talk about her husband's business. Asked about the President and a third term, her reply was, "He hasn't mentioned the subject to me." And the remarkable point about that answer is that the President, with all the country interested, has probably never mentioned the matter to her.

The President, himself, is very much like most husbands. He seldom notices what his wife wears, and hardly ever mentions her appearance. When it comes to bridge, he almost always wins. In fact, he is amazingly lucky at cards and, particularly, at poker. Mrs. Roosevelt calls it luck. He insists that it is skill.

Mrs. Roosevelt buys all his neckties. Last year she broke away from convention and bought a few that had pink in them. The President does not like pink. Mrs. Roosevelt remarked that, although he did not say anything about the ties, he carefully refrained from wearing any of them. This year she went back to blues and grays.

To the everyday American citizen who insists upon asking questions about the President and the White House family, there seem to be a good many inconsistencies. Both in the political sphere

and in the domestic circle, each member of the family often seems to be going off at different tangents and down different roads, as was illustrated in that scattering of each to his own devices in the May morning parable which I have related here.

Perhaps there is an explanation of that in an experience that one of my New England minister friends had on a recent visit to the White House.

He was taken to see the President by a certain well-known senator. As they entered, the President with his usual smile called, "Who is that fellow you have with you this morning, Jim?"

"A preacher from New Hampshire," was the reply.

Immediately upon his introduction to the President, the smiling occupant of the White House shot at my preacher friend, "You don't like me in New Hampshire, do you?"

I don't know what sort of an answer the President expected to get from that young minister, but he got an honest one, for the parson said, "No, Mr. President, they don't like you in my state."

"Why don't they like me?" asked the President, still smiling.

"They don't like your methods."

"But do they like my objectives?" came the quick rejoinder.

"Yes, they like your objectives, but they don't like your methods."

At that the President of the United States continued, sincerely and yet a bit on the defensive.

“Well, you are a minister. Which do you consider more important in your profession, the methods or the objectives?”

Then said this young minister, “You have me there, Mr. President. I’ll have to admit that in my profession, we look upon the objectives as more important.”

And that young preacher, as is usually the case, came away from the White House converted to the contagious enthusiasm and seemingly sincere convictions of the President; came away to preach the next Sunday in his little church on “Objectives and Methods.”

“But,” said the young preacher, “the week after I thought I had converted my people to the President, they were asking the same questions about the White House family.”

In the White House and Elsewhere

In the White House and Elsewhere

IN one of his radio addresses, President Roosevelt said, "I never forget that the house I live in belongs to all the people." That, doubtless, is a part of the fascination of the beautiful white residence which has an address, 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, but hardly needs it. Once inside the White House, the spell of the place is difficult to throw off. And those who live within it must inevitably be daily influenced in their aspirations and ambitions by the power and the history that are centered there. It isn't an easy place for normal Americans to be natural.

That is true of the inside of the house. Just within the imposing front entrance, to the right, there is a hat rack; just an ordinary, undecorated hat rack such as you'd find outside the lunch room at a Kiwanis Club meeting. The hats that hang on that rack may belong to a secretary of state, a foreign ambassador or a senator. Or they may belong merely to an average citizen. But the hat rack, regardless of what is on it, is unimposing. Farther on, to the left of the entrance, there is a little office, the door of which is always open. That office holds the White House ushers and the Secret Service men who happen to be on duty on that post. Every person who gets by the butler at the front door is immediately met by an usher. The ushers' business is to keep track of the day's White House engagements, find out how many

people are to stay for dinner, notify the cook, announce visitors, and do a variety of the things required in so large an establishment.

It is not necessary to explain the job of the Secret Service men. They are always on hand in the vicinity of the President. They are cultured, able and exceedingly husky young men. They look well in evening clothes or cutaways. But they have sharp eyes that are always on the crowds and are ready, always, for quick action if there should be any doubtful moves.

I happen to know that those Secret Service men are always on the job through an embarrassing and yet amusing experience I had with them the night of the last Presidential acceptance speech in Philadelphia.

Edwin Markham, the world-famous poet, had written a poem dedicated to President Roosevelt. I had urged that he be invited to read that poem at the gathering. A week before the meeting I got a wire from my friend Mr. Stanley High, who just then was in Presidential favor, requesting me to bring Edwin Markham to Philadelphia to read the poem on that eventful night. I made the proper arrangements with the poet and met him at a hotel in Philadelphia. The poet's secretary, Mrs. Florence Hamilton, had come along with him.

That night brought a most exciting experience to us three plebeians. The weather was warm. When we arrived at Franklin Field we were duly escorted to the official platform up the ramp pre-

pared for the President himself. Mr. Markham, a stately figure with his long white hair, proudly walked past the Secret Service guard. Mrs. Hamilton came next. But when I followed and presented our three tickets, a Secret Service man, a big belligerent-looking fellow, with a protruding chin and cauliflower ears that hinted of a pugilistic past, rammed his chest against me, grabbed me by the shoulders in a none too gentle manner and said: "What are you doing here?"

I said: "I'm with Mr. Markham. I was invited to bring him here by Mr. High and Mr. Morgan."

"All right, we'll see. Here's Mr. Morgan."

Then he called Mr. Morgan over and said, "Do you know this man? He says he's a preacher from Boston, a Dr. Stidger."

Mr. Morgan looked me over and quickly replied: "I never saw or heard of him before."

This in spite of the fact that I had talked with him in his Washington office at least a half dozen times. But I have no complaint about his failure to recognize me. He was an excited man that night and the whole affair was like a Roman Circus and in almost complete chaos.

And there was I, responsible for Mr. Markham's safety in that mammoth crowd. He had already been seated on the platform and there I stood at the top of the ramp, and the President was due in ten minutes. I didn't know where to go or what to do. I carried a light overcoat over my arm, in spite of the fact that it was a hot, sultry night. I suppose that I was the only man in that immense crowd who was foolish enough to be

carrying an overcoat and that was my undoing. For what I did not remember was that Czolgosz, who assassinated President McKinley, had an overcoat over his arm which covered up his pistol.

Not knowing what to do, I stood on the ramp for another five minutes. I still hoped that they would come to their senses and let me on the platform. However, instead of letting me on that platform, in a few minutes up came four husky Secret Service men, all of them surrounding me, and one of them snatching my overcoat, and two others doing what I later learned was technically called "frisking" me. And they did it thoroughly.

Naturally I had no intention of assassinating the President. I might have been persuaded to assassinate Mr. Morgan, High, or Farley, who had evidently fallen down on their arrangements, but I rather liked the President and at that time was working for him in The Good Neighbor League and had no intention of doing him any bodily harm. But I could not persuade that group of four husky Secret Service men that I did not have evil intentions. That overcoat over my arm on a hot June night had them worried. And, in addition to that, my best friends say that I look like an ex-pug anyhow, so they just laughed at me when I told them I was a minister and a teacher in a theological seminary.

One particularly tough looking officer said to me in language which did not sound at all friendly to me: "Oh yeah, and do you know any more funny stories?"

Then he added: "You had better come along

with us and be nice and quiet about it, or you'll get into trouble."

Naturally I went, for they were four to one. They took me under the Franklin Field grandstand and once again frisked me.

"You'd better beat it now, friend, and get out of here," said one of my captors. "We can't take any chances; and by God, you certainly don't look like a preacher!"

In perfect keeping with the chaos that prevailed that night, Edwin Markham, the eighty-five-year-old poet, who will be remembered long after most of the participants in that night's circus are forgotten, did not get to read his poem in spite of the fact that he had been officially invited to do so. Two times he was escorted to the microphone in the midst of that turmoil, and each time, just as he got his manuscript out, the band began to play and drowned him out. Then the President himself arrived. Pandemonium broke loose and Edwin Markham never did read his poem.

Several months later Stanley High told the President of this episode and, as Mr. High said: "The President roared with laughter."

Perhaps it was a laughable episode, but not to Mr. Markham and myself. Yet it did prove to me that the Secret Service men are always on the job when a suspicious-looking character like myself is hovering around the ramp just before the President is to arrive.

The Roosevelt family also has had its trials with the Secret Service men. One of them occurred fairly recently. A New York theatrical company

was asked to come to the White House to put on a very successful play in which the President was interested. Of course, a request from the President is, in effect, a command. The actors arrived, set up an impromptu stage in the famous East Room, the largest room in the White House, and were prepared to put on their show. Then the Secret Service men looked things over. They discovered that in one act the actors used a toy pistol. They immediately called a halt on the whole proceeding. The show couldn't go on until that toy pistol was out of the White House. As usual in such matters, they had their own way, the pistol was banned and the show went on without it.

White House formalities, then, do not stop at the front door. They continue into all the main floor rooms, in one of which the average visitor who has an off-hour appointment with the President is kept waiting in company with the great portraits of earlier Presidents and, doubtless, looking into a fireplace which, for all intents and purposes, has not been used for one hundred years. Then, when the time arrives, the guest is ushered into the White House elevator, an exceedingly slow means of transportation, is taken to the second floor and ushered into the President's large study.

Now all this formality and guarding have not affected the Roosevelts. They act inside the White House very much as they were accustomed to act before this was their home.

For example, the formalities that characterize life on the lower floors are generally forgotten

when a visitor gets inside the President's study. The study is a large oval room, which opens out on the White House gardens in the rear, and looks toward the Washington Monument. The visitor, generally, is hardly inside the door, his name barely announced by the usher before the President calls out a hearty greeting from behind his large and much cluttered desk. That is probably followed with an offer of a cigarette. A chair is drawn alongside the President's chair and the conversation begins.

It always takes Mr. Roosevelt, in conversation, some time to get down to business. He likes people. He likes to talk. If the visitor is an old friend there are reminiscences to bring up; if he comes from out in the country, the President always has some pertinent question about conditions; if he is a government official the President probably has some gossip talk about the affairs of the department.

Eventually, however, the business in hand is taken up.

The choicest of all White House invitations are not those which take the guests to the so-called state dinners. They are, rather, the invitations to the family dinners. There the Roosevelts are at their best. And of all family meals, the most informal are those on Sunday night. For many years, the Roosevelt Sunday night supper has been an institution. Almost any one comes, the menu is informal, and so are the rest of the proceedings. In the White House, invitations to Sunday night

supper are reserved for members of the family, or for very close friends.

The guests all gather in the President's study. There is a great deal of banter across the President's desk, with the family and friends ranged in a semicircle in front of it. That period may run from about six-forty-five to seven-fifteen. At seven-fifteen, the very black butler comes to the door and announces that supper is served. Everybody stands aside, and the President precedes the guests through the door and to the elevator. The younger members of the party generally use the stairs, in a race to see who can get to the dining room first. At the door, however, every one waits again until the President leads the way.

The meal is served in the paneled, small family dining room. The President does not sit at the end of the table, if the party is a small one, but at the middle with Mrs. Roosevelt immediately opposite him. Very little attention is paid to diplomatic precedence on these occasions, and after the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are seated, the guests find their places, as they would in an ordinary home, "wherever you can get a seat."

The big dish at these Sunday night suppers is scrambled eggs. The President has two favorite dishes: scrambled eggs and fish. He can eat both any day in the week. He has a few dislikes also, chief among them being fried oysters. But the servants bring in great plates of scrambled eggs. Meanwhile, a chafing dish, a battered chafing dish which she has long prized, is set up in front of Mrs. Roosevelt. In that she proceeds to scramble

more eggs, standing while she stirs them. Then, when the guest has finished all the scrambled eggs on his plate which was brought in from the kitchen, Mrs. Roosevelt picks up her chafing dish and walks around to each place, serving more scrambled eggs. All this, of course, proceeds with a great deal of hilarity. But a Sunday night supper with the Roosevelt family is a poor place for one averse to scrambled eggs.

Very often, to top off the day with relaxation, a first run movie is brought to the White House for a special Presidential showing. It is difficult for the President to go to the theater, although he loves it. Early in his administration he did go on a couple of occasions, but the formality and the attention he received discouraged him, and he has not been at a theater for several years.

He does enjoy the movies, however. They are shown in the long hall on the second floor. The chairs are arranged half-way down the aisle and the President sits in the front row, with the guests choosing their own seats after the President is seated. This picture theater has some advantages. It is possible to make comments aloud. It is, however, a remarkable experience to sit with the President of the United States while a newsreel is being shown which pictures the man sitting near you on the screen or with the crowds cheering his appearance. His comments on such occasions are always jocular. And the family loves to razz him when they think any picture is particularly poor, or when he looks particularly pleased or particularly irritated.

Rumor and Prediction

Rumor and Prediction

THERE is great impartiality in the Roosevelt family circle. But, so far as the public goes, the favor of the Presidential father seems, these days, to have come to rest upon the head of thirty-year-old James Roosevelt.

Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, is the first American mother to see her son inaugurated twice as President of the United States. If the apparent ambition of Franklin D. Roosevelt is realized, it is possible that he may see his own son inaugurated to that exalted office. No one, at this early stage, can say exactly where Jimmy is going. But there is no doubt that he is on the way.

The President and Jimmy have been very close for a long time. One of the political remarks which Jimmy, campaigning in Massachusetts, is said to have made, and which he immediately regretted, was one to the effect that he was "closest by blood and affection to the man who makes the appointments." That was not the right thing to say, politically. But the facts seem to indicate that it was true.

James Roosevelt was born in New York City, at 125 East 36th Street. His father had been graduated from law school six months before, and he was engaging, as he did, more or less half-heartedly, for a time in the practice of law. His father's interest, even then, was politics and it was not

long before he ran for state senator from Dutchess County and was elected.

Jimmy's earliest memories are of his life in the state capital at Albany, where his chief interest seems to have been to learn the names of all the fire horses, a fact that proved something of a shock to his more or less prim English nurse.

But although Jimmy didn't know it at the time, his father had, besides a splendid personality, a name that was potent in politics. Because of these things, he was chosen by Mr. Wilson to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the family, therefore, was moved from Hyde Park and Albany to Washington, where they remained for seven years of the Wilson administration.

In Washington James got into the usual small-boy scrapes. On one occasion he disappeared entirely. An alarm was sent out for him. Officers began to search through the city's streets, and into the country. He eventually turned up, intact. He had been riding on the back of a motorcycle driven by Crown Prince Leopold, now King Leopold of the Belgians. At another time the home, next door, of the Attorney General of the United States, A. Mitchell Palmer, was bombed. Two men were killed, and the Roosevelt house was badly damaged. Mrs. Roosevelt rushed home in great alarm.

"I remember it so well," says Jimmy, "because mother gave me hell for being out of bed."

In 1920, James followed in the Roosevelt tradition and went off to Groton, the swank preparatory school. His father, at that time, was stumping

the country in a last hope effort to win victory for the ticket headed by James W. Cox, of Ohio, and himself.

The Roosevelt era had not yet dawned, however, and Harding won. After Groton, James continued still further in the Roosevelt tradition and went to Harvard. There, like his father and his brothers, he was a member of the "best" clubs; the Fly Club, the Signet Society. He was also a member of the junior varsity crew.

None of the Roosevelts are what one could call scholarly. Their school records indicate a facility in getting by, but no special academic achievements. President Roosevelt wears a Phi Beta Kappa Key; but it is an honorary award, not a mark of scholastic standing. Young James Roosevelt was no exception to his family tradition, either. His Harvard diploma was not granted to him until six months after Commencement because he had failed to pass in German.

Before that time arrived and the diploma had been awarded, James had moved on to more important things. Most important of them, he had married Betsy Cushing. This was another tradition. All the Roosevelts seem to marry young. Not all of them marry as successfully as James. His wife is the daughter of Dr. Harvey Cushing, famed Boston brain surgeon. James had met her at a *débutante* dance in Boston. She is dark, lithe, and as friendly as the Roosevelts themselves. She is only moderately athletic, loves to dance, is an excellent manager in her home and, on occasion, in the White House. In fact, in Mrs. Roosevelt's

absence, she is the hostess at the White House, a responsibility that she carries off with great charm. She is undoubtedly the President's favorite daughter-in-law. She frequently accompanies him on his trips. During the last campaign, when Jimmy was busy stumping in Massachusetts, Betsy went on the Presidential train into the West. If her husband is ever elected President of the United States, the people of the United States need have no fear about the First Lady. She will be a First Lady, but in the feminine Dolly Madison sense, rather than in the highly energetic manner of her mother-in-law, Eleanor Roosevelt.

"Betsy," as they call her in the White House family, and as she was called in her own home in Boston and among her friends, is in many respects the opposite of Mrs. Roosevelt, the President's wife. She does not get over-excited about matters outside her own home, is not interested in politics in the same manner that Alice Roosevelt Longworth was and is, or as the President's wife is; has no apparent social vision, is exceedingly feminine, has never been known to have made a political speech, and my bet is that she never will. She always keeps in the background and is exceedingly shy and modest, as far as the public is concerned, but is also exceedingly good company, alive and alert inside the family circle, and among her friends. She is slight of figure and soft of voice, but very attractive to men. She and Mrs. Roosevelt are as opposite as two poles; but there is every indication that they get along well together

and understand and respect, even have affection for each other.

Indeed, the affection has manifested itself on many occasions but at no time so much as when Betsy has been child-bearing and borning. James and Betsy have two children, Sara Delano, born March 13th, 1932, and Kate, born February 16th, 1936. Both of them are lovely little girls; coming to be as famous, in their way, as Sistie and Buzzie Dall.

The story is told that when Kate was born, in a New York hospital, Mrs. Roosevelt dropped all her public activities, canceled several important speaking engagements and went to New York City to await, as anxiously as any other American grandmother, the event. When Kate was born Mrs. Roosevelt was in the hospital, and had been all day. She, naturally, wanted to fondle her new granddaughter, but the authorities would not permit it any more in her case than in the case of any other grandmother. So Mrs. Roosevelt, even as you and I, pressed her nose against the glass partition to see the new baby in the room where new-born babies are separated from the rest of the world for fear of possible infection. She pressed her nose against that pane with the same light in her eyes as one would see in the eyes of any other grandmother.

Then turning to a friend she said: "Well, I've just got to get into action. I've just got to *do* something. I can't stand this inaction!" And out she went, on a Fifth Avenue bus, and spent the

morning shopping for Betsy and the new grandchild.

During the hot days of the past midsummer there were some eventful things happening in the Roosevelt Clan which were even more important in a family way than the political purge in which President Roosevelt indulged himself in a newsworthy trip across the continent; something even more exciting than the week of fishing for leviathans in far-off waters; and that something was the news of a new grandchild, a son born to Franklin, Jr., and the former Ethel du Pont in a Philadelphia hospital. It was such an important domestic event that Mrs. Roosevelt made it the theme of her column in the daily press which she calls "My Day" in which she tells of her own excitement in flying to Philadelphia to see this new grandchild for the first time; adding to her casual comments on this important event the one thing about it which made it in a way the most important birth in the present generation of the Roosevelt Clan; that this grandchild is the first son in this generation bearing the the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Her words of comment were: "The real news for today, however, is that the new baby is to be named Franklin D. Roosevelt, III. That will certainly please his grandfather."

In the same day's newspaper in the news dispatches there was also a story headed "Behavior Lesson For Grandmother," a dispatch which told of how Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt showed almost Solomon-like wisdom in this experience. She had

become a grandmother eight times over. Out of her past experience she knew the hospital rules, and didn't even try to pick the little fellow up; and utterly refused to compare him with any of the others of her grandchildren. "I am not going to start comparing grandchildren. When you get older you realize you can't do that. He's a fine boy, a sweet baby—that's all I have to say—or dare to say." Then she laughed heartily and happily. And once again the Roosevelts were proved, whatever you may think of them politically, to be typical home-loving, human beings—just good old-fashioned American folk.

James is like his mother when it comes to illness and hospitals. He is just about the most human and fatherly young man in Washington. Last April he was with his father in a press conference when the telephone bell rang, and James was called. He listened a second, went white, turned away from the phone, whispered nervously to his father and departed. He had been told that his older daughter was ill with acute appendicitis, and rushed home to take her to the hospital himself. That morning, with his wife, Betsy, he paced up and down the corridor outside of the hospital operating room, face white and drawn with anxiety until the operation was over, and his daughter pronounced in safe condition. Even then he called the hospital every half hour, and left the White House twice a day to visit her.

The newspaper men of Washington are crazy about Betsy. Several of them contend that "she's the greatest little woman in Washington, bar

none". The President likes her because she is quiet, considerate, always adaptable, never complains, even when ill, travels under trying circumstances and meets all the inconveniences of political campaigning with a smile of good cheer. She has a corking sense of humor, can laugh at a good joke with the best of them.

Jimmy is exceedingly fond of his mother. At family gatherings all the boys, in turn, make it a point to dance a waltz with their mother. She is unusually tall herself, but the boys are all taller, and they enjoy it hugely. Jimmy frequently takes his mother to state dinners, and they make a striking couple in evening clothes. There is evident pride on both sides as they walk in to a state dinner together, as well as exclamations of satisfaction on the part of the onlookers. If ever a mother entered with liberality and enthusiasm into the thinking and feeling of another generation, it is Mrs. Roosevelt, and the young people all adore her for her understanding spirit. This family accord is one of the most satisfying things one can see in Washington, and it is an example for the rest of the nation.

It is said of Jimmy that, in his youthful Harvard days, he had three ambitions: to get married, to make money, to be President of the United States. The first ambition, as I have said, he quickly realized. And the marriage has been an exceedingly happy one. The home of the young Roosevelts in Washington is pleasant. There, although the two young people may be headed for the White House, they live as ordinary Ameri-

cans. James boasts that he has four suits of clothes, not counting odds and ends, and that he has not bought a new one in four years. He rises at eight, Washington life often requiring late night hours, has a typical American breakfast of fruit, a soft-boiled egg, coffee and toast. His wife breakfasts with him. Outside, a White House Packard is waiting. He takes his elder daughter, Sara, aged six, with him, drops her off at the school she attends, and is almost always at his White House desk at nine-fifteen.

It is obvious that, if James worries along on four suits, and has not bought a new one for four years, the reason is hardly financial. For Jimmy has already realized his second ambition, to make money. He spent a short time in Boston, studying law. But the idea of living on an allowance from his parents irked him and, for twenty-five dollars a week, he took a job as an insurance salesman. He did not stay in the twenty-five-dollar-a-week class very long. His father, then, was Governor of New York. He, as the son of so distinguished a family, had all manner of valuable contacts. Business boomed. He was soon in business with another Harvard man, John Sargent, the firm name being Roosevelt & Sargent. In his first year in the new company, he profited handsomely. Business continued to flow his way. Today, out of business entirely, he is said to be among the richest of the Roosevelts. His personal fortune has been estimated at various figures. Nevertheless, all those who know Jimmy are confident that he never used his relationship to the Governor of New

York and later, to the President of the United States, to help him, directly, to sell insurance. But there is no doubt, either, that those connections were assets without which, as good a salesman as he undoubtedly is, he could never in so short a time have made such a substantial fortune.

Jimmy, after his father's election to the Presidency, was eager to move into the Washington picture immediately. He was blocked, however, by that sage and much missed counselor, Louis McHenry Howe. Instead of going to Washington, his bags already packed for the journey, Jimmy was shunted to Hyde Park; presumably to manage the ancestral estate.

He felt, doubtless, that some Washington post was his just award because of his status as the President's son and because, also, he had actively campaigned in 1932. In fact, the activity with which he campaigned that year worried some of the old-time Democrats. They were sure he would make some blunder which would be bad for Mr. Roosevelt.

But Mr. Roosevelt, when these doubts were put up to him, merely replied, "James is free, white and twenty-one. He is absolutely on his own." After that there were no more attempts at overhead interference.

The 1936 campaign, however, was Jimmy's real chance. He blossomed out in Massachusetts as a first-rate campaigner, and although he would prefer to forget the alliance he made with the defeated governor, Jim Curley, his platform effectiveness was considerable.

In the campaign he made three hundred speeches in six weeks, traveling for most of the time in a trailer.

His speeches were something new in political technique. He generally cut short his own remarks and threw the meeting open for questions. From that time on, in the session, he stood the cross-fire from the audience, and stood it exceptionally well. This informality and fair play won him a great many friends. And friends in Massachusetts are what, presumably, he wishes. At any rate, he has bought a lovely home near Framingham, keeps his legal residence in the state and, from all accounts, will probably seek his first public office from that state.

When Jimmy took over his present White House job, as Secretary to the President and Co-ordinator for all New Deal departments, there was a good deal of head shaking. It was confidently predicted that he would never be able to please the politicians. And he undoubtedly did make some false starts. He spoke of Mr. Roosevelt, not as "the President", but as his father. That didn't make his job on Capitol Hill any too pleasant. But those were minor matters, and he soon learned better. In fact, he learned so fast, and evidently pleased his father so well that, before long, he was made official Co-ordinator for all the New Deal agencies.

This was no easy job. The New Deal has a wide variety of organizations: the WPA, the PWA, the CCC, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporations, the SEC, and a long string of others. Each

of these organizations is headed up by some one appointed by the President, and usually something of an individualist. At least, they feel that they are important enough to be able to walk in on the President with their problems, whenever they feel the inclination. The President, unfortunately, has no more hours in his day than any other man. As a result, a vast amount of his time was consumed with purely mechanical readjustments between the various organizations and their administrators.

Jimmy took this job over. By now he has pretty well dissolved the doubts that met his appointment. He has, on an average, about twenty-five callers every day, answers the phone some hundred and fifty times, and handles a considerable amount of correspondence. The okay of Jimmy Roosevelt in all matters having to do with patronage is becoming these days more potent than the okay of Jim Farley. So far as his own state of Massachusetts is concerned, Jimmy has almost the complete authority over jobs there. That, obviously, gives him very much the inside track, so far as his political career and his standing in the Democratic party are concerned.

He has never yet run for office. But the political wiseacres say that, before long and particularly before his father is out of office, he will make his electoral début. The idea is that he will run, in Massachusetts, either for United States Senator, or for Governor, probably the former. Whether or not the Roosevelt prestige will carry him into office as the Roosevelt prestige helped him to

make a fortune, remains to be seen. But with regard to politics, as with regard to insurance, it ought to be remembered that young Jimmy has demonstrated that, aside from his relationship to the President of the United States, he has something on the ball in his own right.

Of Jimmy's ambition to go places, there seems to be no doubt whatever. He has done all the things that politically-minded young men do. He joined the Moose, the Elks, the Masons. He is building up a strong personal organization in Massachusetts, headed by Eddie Gallagher, also a good political name in Massachusetts. He does not forget the national picture. In fact, it is said that he keeps a long list of bright young Democrats, a card file of the names of men and women about his own age who, he believes, will one day be of use to him. He keeps in personal touch with a good many of them. He has chosen as his secretary and assistant in Washington, James Rowe, the last of the Harvard men of brilliance to serve as secretary for the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Rowe, incidentally, was the nominee for this post, of the scintillating but not brilliant Thomas G. Corcoran, sometimes known as White House Tommy.

In all these respects, Jimmy appears to be making the most of his opportunities. In addition, it cannot be denied that the young man has the kind of stuff that American people admire.

The story is told that, after hearing James make a speech somewhere in Georgia, an old gentleman wrote to the President as follows: "Your son is a

comer. Does he write your speeches or do you write his?"

Almost everybody, from the President down, believes that James Roosevelt is a comer. That does not mean, not in this country, that he is due to be President. It does mean, however, that at this point in his career the set-up for such a climax seems extraordinarily good.

People often ask if there seems to be any antagonism on the part of the other boys in the Roosevelt family as to Jim's seeming place of pre-ferment in the political sun and in the President's affections. One can honestly say that there seems to be no jealousy on the part of any of the family. Jimmy seems to belong just where he is, so far as the other members of the Roosevelt family are concerned. They all like him, to begin with, for, after all, he is the oldest child, and what is more, he is what they all call "a good scout". He has never highhatted anybody, much less the family. And, as one of the other boys once said to a group of friends, "If he did, we would all take Jimmy-boy for a ride—and he doesn't ride any too well."

In fact, the rest of the children look upon James as the favorite and favored son all right, but they do not, apparently, resent it at all. None of them seems to have any special yen for politics, and their attitude seems to be, "If Jim likes that sort of a life that is the sort of life he likes, so what? It's all right by us, but don't get us into it. We want the right to live our own lives in our own ways and we want to be let alone."

In fact, several more or less pugilistic encoun-

ters with the press on the part of the other Roosevelt boys have caused the press to let them alone pretty well. And, in that respect, they have fought for and won their right to privacy, even though they are the President's offspring.

Elliott probably feels Jim's elevation more than any one else, since Elliott is, in many respects, the most uncertain member of the family. However, nobody has ever heard him complain about the situation.

Indeed, there seems to be a general agreement in the family that Jimmy belongs right where he is if he wants to be there, as he evidently does. But, over and above this general agreement, Jimmy Roosevelt has ample inside reasons to feel that way, and to have that sense of confidence that he is closer to his father than any other living person; reasons which are intimate and natural. It was a decided political break that he made early in the game about being "probably closest by blood and affection to the one who makes appointments". But after all he was young then; indeed, he is young now. That was just some of his subconscious thinking coming to the surface in a moment of youthful exuberance and confidence and could be expected of almost any normal person suddenly thrust into the most glaring spotlight of publicity overnight after his Harvard graduation; a thing which has not happened to any president's son in the entire history of this nation.

But back of that casual remark which stirred the political critics, there are ample reasons for

his confidence that he is closer to the President than any other member of the family; reasons which I want to illustrate through a simple story which is more revealing than anything I have heard, and which, so far as I know, is an absolutely new Roosevelt revelation; a revelation of the inside of the President's heart and an explanation of the close comradeship between James and his father.

When Mrs. Roosevelt was once asked what the family had done toward keeping up Roosevelt's spirit during his early and unsuccessful fight with infantile paralysis, she looked puzzled.

"We didn't do anything," she replied, "except treat him as a perfectly normal, able-bodied man which was what he made all of us feel he was, and we never let any one intimate to him that he was trying to do too much. You know he has never said he could not walk."

Mr. Roosevelt, himself, does not talk about his affliction. One of his reporter friends says of his attitude toward it:

"The only acknowledgment I have found that it means anything to him personally is this, in a warning to a newspaper man in 1928 which was evidently not intended for publication, Mr. Roosevelt said, 'Now I don't want any sob-stuff about my affliction. Of course, it was a great shock to be stricken at a time when I felt myself to be in the pink of condition. And it was rather humiliating to contract a disease of which seventy-five per cent of the victims are children. But I am thankful that my children were spared.' "

But the fact that he does not talk about it does not mean that he does not think about it, as this story proves:

A friend of mine happened to be visiting at a certain famous historical house not far from Washington, overlooking the Potomac.

As my friend sat on the porch with the host, that host said to him one afternoon, "Mr. Roosevelt sat in that chair where you are sitting a week ago. He came out to see our flowers. I saw the White House car drive up and recognized it. Mrs. Roosevelt got out. She said the President could not get out, for he had not brought his canes; they had just come for a ride. However, I went out to the car and invited him in to have tea. He said that he could not come in because he hadn't brought his canes. I begged him to come in and have tea with us, and called some men, who carried him to the porch.

"As he was sitting in that chair, I made a terrible break. I said to him, 'Mr. President, I well remember when you were in the Navy that you came to see my place, and walked through those trees.'

"I saw a look of pain go over his face, and was chagrined that I had awakened that memory. I apologized at once.

"He was quiet for a few minutes and then put me at ease by admitting that he had been thinking about the same visit.

"Another period of silence, and the President then said that he would give up everything that had happened between then and now, if he could

once again walk through those trees as he had on that visit.

"That was all that was said. After that, he was his old buoyant, laughing self and seemed to enjoy sitting there, having tea with me. He watched the flowers and trees as he sat in that chair where you are sitting. Then we carried him back to his automobile, and they drove off."

Angela Morgan, one of America's best known poets, visited in my home recently and I told her this story and she said to me, "I wrote a few lines of poetry not long ago and they express exactly the thing I feel about President Roosevelt with respect to his attitude toward his affliction. He may be hated by political enemies; his plans may seem Utopian and revolutionary to some; foolish to others; destructive to a certain element in our nation, but all of us agree on one thing, and that is his attitude toward his own affliction. Indeed, he seems to say:

"I ask no truce, I have no qualms,
I seek no quarter and no alms;
Stand forth, my soul, and grip thy woe;
Buckle thy sword and face thy foe!
Do others fear, do others fail?
My soul will grapple and prevail!"

And why do I use this simple story as an explanation of the intimate relationship of James Roosevelt and his father? Simply this: James knows better than all others this spirit of his father, for it is he upon whom that father leans for physical support in his affliction.

The American people are accustomed to seeing the President in photographs, on the rear platforms of trains; as he descends the ever-present ramp; as he stands reviewing parades for hours, usually leaning on the arm of his eldest son.

And, having leaned on that son physically, so often, it is more than natural that the President of the United States should come to lean on him for more than physical support. It is a father's desire that he have that son as constantly near him as it is possible for him to be; and those who are in the know in Washington have long since realized that James is closer to his father than any single member of the family. It would be he, if any member of the family, who would know that the President who puts up a brave front to the world, has his moments of bitter regret and suffering over his affliction. It would be James Roosevelt, on whom the President leans so constantly for physical support, who would also see his father in those moments which he hides from the rest of the family and the rest of the world. This is the heart of the perfectly human and understandable reason why the President asks so much for this older son, risks so much of public criticism, throws himself open to the charge of nepotism; grants him so many political favors; puts him in the path of so many opportunities.

It is possible, now, to tell another heretofore unpublished incident—an incident that happened on that thundering night in Philadelphia when Mr. Roosevelt made his address accepting, for the

second time, his party's nomination for the Presidency.

As the President walked up the ramp to the platform on Jimmy's arm, he lost his balance and dropped the manuscript of his speech, which he was carrying in his hand. There was a great crowd surging around him. Jim's arm was at his side, but the manuscript was about to be trampled under-foot and lost. Jimmy, however, used his head. The President's arm slipped into that of a Secret Service man standing nearby, Jimmy dropped to his hands and knees in the midst of that crowd, retrieved the manuscript, and the President continued on his triumphal entrance.

In other words, this close relationship of James and his father is the one sure, normal thing in Washington, and who can blame James for making the most of it? He would, no doubt, do the same thing if his father had never been President of the United States and had remained a lawyer all his life.

Not so many months ago there was published a story written by a certain well known magazine writer, entitled "Jimmy's Got It," in which the writer tells of various and sundry business transactions in the insurance field, in which certain energetic young insurance men had certain large and profitable deals. These, so they thought, were "sewed up." The clients were ready "to sign on the dotted line."

These were big men, big companies, big deals, (if not New Deals) and they had big fees attached to them. Undoubtedly, according to this dra-

matic story, each of these various agents had already gone home and told the wife that the family was on the way to affluence; had bought the wife a new fur coat; the family a new car, and the dog a new bone.

Then something happened. Something has often happened in business deals before. This was not the first time that enterprising life insurance agents have gone away from a client feeling certain that this deal would go through the next day. Indeed one Robert Burns, who knew much about the universal psychology of human beings, once said something very pertinent about such transactions: "The best laid plans of mice and men aft gang alee."

But, evidently, these boys with the winning ways who were putting through certain big insurance deals in competition with Jimmy Roosevelt had never read that Burns quotation, for they received a great shock when "Jimmy Got it;" that is, when Jimmy got the business instead of themselves.

So they began to talk about it among themselves, in that particular segment of the business world which sells insurance of various types. There were rumbling undercurrents about it for years; and always, the implications were that James Roosevelt had gotten this business unfairly and because his father happened to be the President of the United States at the time.

Never did it enter into the calculations of these aspiring insurance salesmen that there could have been other reasons or that, perhaps, it would be

perfectly natural for certain big companies to buy insurance from a firm represented by a President's son.

After all, insurance is a pretty-well-standardized business in this nation, and neither individuals or business concerns could be greatly blamed if they did have a choice between two companies of equal merit, and took the one which was represented by a son of the President of the United States even if that son had happened to be a Republican. One can hardly feel that there would have been any great scandal raised if one of Theodore Roosevelt's sons, in his day, had happened to have been in the insurance business and got a good deal of business during the years that his father was president. In other words, the whole process is a perfectly natural one and, if young Jimmy is expected by his critics to quit all business occupations until his father is no longer president of the United States it is rather an unfair situation. I talked about it with a railroad brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad on the way to Boston and he said: "If you ask me, I think they hit below the belt and I don't like that and I ain't no Democrat—at least I ain't no New Deal Democrat." A college professor who has been consistently against the New Deal said, "I don't like the tone of that article. It sounds like a combination of business jealousy and disgruntled politics." I talked with a preacher and he said, "I don't like that kind of fighting and I intend to follow this thing through. I hear that James is going to answer that article and I hope he does."

I talked with a big industrial man whose name would strike a response in the minds of every American. Although he is not particularly impressed with the New Deal, he said to me: "I take a lot of insurance in my business and I am perfectly frank to say that if I were dealing with two concerns and one was represented by the son of the President of The United States and the conditions were about the same in both companies and the services they offered me in protection equal; as they probably would be the way our insurance system is set up in this nation; I wouldn't hesitate a minute in giving my business to the company which was represented by the President's son and I wouldn't be expecting anything either, nor would I apologize to anybody for doing it. I know that, under any circumstances I would get good protection from any American company; but I would be human enough to be glad to tell my friends that I had dealt with the son of the President of The United States for, after all, we are human even in business; and even if we aren't our wives are."

While I am no prophet or the son of a prophet it is my guess that in the long run public interest in this story will dwindle to the vanishing point.

And, while we're talking about prophecy along came the Third Term rumors barging their way into the public consciousness, almost immediately following the famous "Jimmy's Got It" article.

In the public press of a single week last summer we had popping at us, almost as if pre-arranged, a deluge of suggestions, hints, even request and

petitions that Roosevelt run for a third term. This was while he was on his so-called political purge trip across the continent.

When Mr. Harry Hopkins was asked, outright, if he meant that ninety per cent. of the Relief Workers would vote for Mr. Roosevelt for a third term if he decided to run, he smiled at their questions and refused to discuss the matter of a third term adding: "I'd be getting myself into trouble if I answered that question."

Then he added, with some feeling: "But to believe or to insinuate that the new Southern program of relief work is for political purposes, one must be awfully cynical. You can theorize about poverty, and some one might say, that if this or that thing would be done we wouldn't have the problem of poverty. But the reality is that we do have thousands of people living in poverty. It seems to me that what these people need is a few months' work a year when they need it."

Then Mr. Hopkins continued: "We've got three million people working for us, and when they go out to lunch they talk politics just the way the rest of us do. They aren't robots. They think, and feel, and talk. They all have their own political views, and, incidentally, I think I know what their views are. You can't and you don't tell people how to vote in this nation even if you do happen to be helping them financially. That's a lot of eye-wash. They vote as they want to vote just as Americans always have, for, after all, we do have the secret ballot system in this nation."

Will Mr. Roosevelt run for a third term? I think he will, and my statement is based on an interview with Mr. Stanley High, who, in spite of the fact that he was once repudiated by the President as his official spokesman, I still look upon as knowing the President's mind as well as anybody in America.

"I have said time and time again," replied Mr. High to my questions as to whether the President would seek a third term, "that the question of Mr. Roosevelt's third term is far from settled, and, even if we thought it was a year ago, this past summer has re-awakened, not only the question itself, but also the possibility of his running, for the simple democratic reason that the people seem to want him to run. There has swept down on this nation a perfect avalanche of public opinion which seems to demand that the President run again.

"Then, for one thing, the Republicans do not seem to have any personality sufficiently appealing to the people, with enough charm and attractiveness, with enough force and prestige to oppose Mr. Roosevelt. . . . It looks as if the President might be forced to run again for the basic reason that neither party seem to have in sight a personality of sufficient power to win against him or to carry on the present social advance. I do not believe, however, that the matter will be settled finally until the actual nomination is made. If Mr. Roosevelt is not the actual show himself and its chief actor in 1940 he will, none-the-less, want to have a hand in running that show. That will

be easier for him and much better politics if his declaration of his own intentions are not too precise and final either way. I doubt very much whether Mr. Roosevelt will make any decision upon his intentions until the actual time arrives, for, as he would normally put it, no one can say what may happen either in the world situation or to the United States. . . ."

If, in the Congressional elections of 1938, Mr. Roosevelt wins a less than decisive mandate from the people, then it will be clear that the forces arrayed against him are very much on the comeback. In that event, the acuteness of the third-term temptation will greatly increase. The President knows his power with the voting public. He knows that no one he could select as a successor could match it. To quit in 1940, therefore, would leave the future of his whole program in the hands of some one far less fitted than Mr. Roosevelt to guarantee it. Moreover, to retire in that year with the fight going against him would look—or so the rationalizers would express it—like quitting under fire.

A little of what the voters sought, although enemies of the administration say, "precious little"—has been won for them. But that "precious little" is, to them, like that cloud of old, about the size of a man's hand, which grew to immense proportions as the day advanced. But, wise in the ways of dealing with the voters, and sincere also in his intentions, their visions of what remains to be won has been constantly renewed and expanded. The voters, as recent polls and elections

show, believe in it and they believe in the personality behind it. They are confident that Mr. Roosevelt will not desert them and that he will not let them down; that he will not return to his baronial Dutchess County acres and leave them.

To a man who thoroughly enjoys the presidency, as does Mr. Roosevelt, the call may prove to be irresistible.

If a third term President is something new to our American democracy, it is no newer than certain other departures from tradition which the President has initiated. There would be undoubtedly a vast amount of uproar and some serious political disruption. But that would not disturb Mr. Roosevelt, for he thrives on excitement and he is the Number 1 breaker of American political traditions already and enjoys the role. A third term would not be as revolutionary a break as the whole New Deal itself has been. The nation is so accustomed to the breaking of traditions in this administration that I do not believe that the breaking of this one would cause even a ripple when the time actually comes. The ultimate consequences of such a major move on Mr. Roosevelt's part cannot, of course, be predicted. But neither, for that matter, can the ultimate consequences of many of Mr. Roosevelt's major moves.

If he rejects the third party temptation it will be because of political difficulties and not because the idea is an uncongenial one. Even then his hand may be forced. Conservative Democrats may prove to be more powerful in their home bailiwicks than Mr. Roosevelt believes them to be.

In that unlikely event, Mr. Roosevelt could accept his defeat, turn the party back to its pre-Roosevelt masters and retire to the comfortable solitude of Hyde Park. But there is nothing in the Roosevelt temperament to make the acceptance of such a course a likelihood. He, I think, abhors the idea of retirement. And he is not the kind to surrender.

Because of the political difficulties involved I do not believe that Mr. Roosevelt desires to be the candidate of a third party in 1940. Only pressure from his New Deal following, a resurgence of reaction in his own party, and his own inability to retain complete control would force him to any such step. I am sure, however, that—much as he might prefer to see the candidate he favors run on the Democratic ticket or run on that ticket himself—he would, if forced, enter the 1940 campaign as a third party candidate confident that his power with the voting public—and particularly with his voting public—would be sufficient to bring about his election.

In Private Life and Public

In Private Life and Public

THE size of the family of Franklin D. Roosevelt is what the older generation of citizens, remembering "T. R.", would call "in the Roosevelt tradition". But the President's family is in a more important tradition than that. In the relationship between its members, their tolerance of each other's ups and downs, their independence, hilarity, love of Christmas trees, birthdays and family reunions; in these and in other things they are in the typical American tradition. The White House has not made them snooty toward the world at large or indifferent toward each other. From Grandmama to the President, and from the President down to the youngest of the President's grandchildren, they are "These Amazing Roosevelts."

Take that typically American business of birthday celebrations, for example. No other people, save the Chinese, lay such great store by birthdays as we Americans. And, among Americans, the Roosevelt family goes in for birthdays in a big way. Every one who is physically fit and not completely tied down to a job, and who is within flying distance, turns up for the celebration. There's a birthday dinner, with all the usual American wise-cracking and horse-play for every member of the clan, with the President generally taking off the honors as the best wise-cracker of the lot. The high spot is the birthday cake, which is

brought in, candles flaming, at the end of the meal. There's a candle for every year. That is, for every year up to twenty-one. The Roosevelts are always twenty-one, so far as their birthday cakes are concerned. The cake, glowing and flickering with light, is solemnly passed from person to person among the people at the table. Each member of the family blows out one candle and makes a wish for the birthday child, whether it be for the President, the First Lady, or one of the grandchildren. If there are twenty-one candles and fewer than twenty-one people at the table then the cake is passed again, and, on the second round, each person blowing out a candle makes a wish for himself. Then, with the last candle gone, the cake is cut, the pieces passed around by the child-of-honor, and the hilarity resumed.

In the midst of the last campaign, when the fighting was getting fast and furious and the President was putting in from fourteen to eighteen hours of work each day, a friend of mine dined one evening with the Roosevelt family in the White House. It was a wholesome and uproarious party. No one dropping in from Mars could have guessed that the man who presided over it in the high-backed Presidential chair, and set the pace for the fun-making, was the world's most powerful executive, occupied not only with the momentous affairs of the world's most powerful nation, but, in addition, burdened down with the critical issues of a great campaign. At the conclusion of the meal, with laughter still ringing through the family dining room and the great halls of the

White House, and with the servants standing with friendly smiles to one side as the President led the way from the table, the guest remarked to him:

"I wonder, Mr. President, if a political campaign ever was conducted to the accompaniment of so much gayety and good cheer?"

To which the President replied that this was a good-cheer family and added something to the effect that politics, especially Presidential politics, would not suffer any from the injection of a little, not too dignified hilarity.

There are five children and, as I have said, eight grandchildren. The oldest of the children is the only daughter, Anna, who, on the third day of May, 1938, was thirty-two. Jimmy, who now sits at the President's right hand and wields more influence perhaps than James A. Farley, was thirty on the 23rd of December, 1937. Elliott, making his way as a radio executive in Texas, is twenty-seven; Franklin, Jr., studying law at the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, is twenty-four, and John, the last to be married, is twenty-two.

As in a great many American families, the course of true love has not always run smoothly for the Roosevelts. Anna Roosevelt, when she was twenty, married Curtis B. Dall, a New York stock-broker. Their children, Anna Eleanor and Curtis, are the famous Sistie and Buzzie. In the summer of 1934, Anna "parked" her children with her mother and went to Reno, where a divorce was granted to her. Six months later she married John Boettiger, a handsome Washington newspaper

man who had first met her while he was assigned to cover the White House.

Elliott, too, has had his difficulties. His first wife was a Philadelphia society girl, Elizabeth Browning Donner. They were divorced in 1933 and both are now married again—Elliott to Ruth Googins, of Fort Worth, Texas.

These were family "readjustments", not different from those which take place in any American family, and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt have not interfered in what they believed to be the independent, autonomous life of their grown children. Mrs. Roosevelt, in fact, continues to entertain Elliott's divorced wife at the White House and there seems to be no restraint whatever in her relationship with the rest of the family.

This attitude is applied in a good many directions. For one thing, Mrs. Roosevelt is very sensitive lest she be thought to interfere in the domestic arrangements of her daughters-in-law, present or prospective. The daughters-in-law, for their part, are enthusiastic about Mrs. Roosevelt and would like more of her company. But she offers no advice about furnishings, cookery, or budget-making, unless it is specifically asked for. When Elliott and his second wife had moved into a new home not far from Washington and, later on, when Franklin and Ethel (du Pont) had similarly taken a house relatively near, Mrs. Roosevelt drove out for an informal visit. But her idea, as she proved, was not to offer suggestions, but merely to see, to admire, and to praise.

There is a remarkable family resemblance in

all of the five children. Each of the four boys, like both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, is more than six feet tall. All of them have bright blue eyes and that includes the grandchildren, with the exception of little Ruth Googins Roosevelt, who has huge brown ones. James has his father's ready smile and his father's pleasure in the company of people. Elliott, who is of a lighter complexion than James, is the only one of the family who is putting on weight. Franklin, by all odds and by his family's own vote, is the handsomest of the lot. He has a strong, triangular face, deep-set brilliant blue eyes, and a chin that is developing the same stonewall set that characterizes the chin of his father. He is tall and graceful, a splendid dancer, something of an athlete and, in short, the almost perfect model for a motion picture idol. Why he should now be spending his time poring studiously over law books is something that a great many American young women who have seen his pictures cannot understand.

None of the Roosevelts, despite the fact that the President has been hailed as one of the nation's ten best-dressed men, pays much attention to clothes. They are an out-of-door family and they like rough, out-of-door clothes. The President, save on State occasions, wears a soft shirt and a tie which is generally askew in his office. The boys, and Mrs. Roosevelt, too, troop in to their meals either at the White House or at Hyde Park in "whatever they have on", riding clothes, tennis outfits, or pick-ups.

Anna and her mother, quite as much as the

boys, are generally indifferent to matters of dress. Anna, however, was credited when she was in Washington with having kept a weather-eye on her mother's wardrobe. Frequently, when Mrs. Roosevelt was complimented about a new dress she explained in a whisper that Anna had looked things over, decided that a new one was necessary, and had forthwith piloted her on a shopping expedition to get it.

When it comes to transportation, there is also a family preference among the Roosevelts for small top-down automobiles. Jimmy these days, as befits his new dignity as a Presidential secretary, rides to work in a White House car, chauffeur and everything. But when they are not on parade the Roosevelts stick to their sometimes dilapidated two-seaters. Anna's rattle-trap roadster parked like a forlorn mistake under the massive pillars at the White House was at one time a standing Washington joke. But the Roosevelts don't mind jokes and they continue to drive the cars they seem to prefer. That even includes the President, who has two small roadsters, one at Hyde Park and the other at Warm Springs, adapted for his personal use. In them he tours the Georgia countryside or watches the men at work on the Dutchess County estate.

There is at least one other common characteristic the members of the Roosevelt family have. They all speak what irreverent Middle-Westerners call "Bostonese". Their voices are quiet and well-modulated. But they undeniably have the New England accent. In the boys, as in the case

of the President, that was probably helped along by their experience in the swank environments of Groton School and Harvard. But it is hardly less pronounced in Mrs. Roosevelt and in Anna.

The good cheer, the naturalness, and the love of fun which are characteristic of the President, are just as characteristic of his children. They always, on election day, go in a family group to vote. It's a hilarious occasion. At the Philadelphia Democratic National Convention a radio man, out to get the voices of notable people on the air, spied the Roosevelt children seated together in a box. He made straight for them. First of all, the mike was handed to Franklin. He took it grinning.

"Hello," he said, "here's my brother John," and shoved the mike along to John. John grinned. "Hello," he said, "here's my brother-in-law," and shoved it along to John Boettiger, Anna's husband. He grabbed it.

"Hello," he said, "I always let my wife do the political talking for the family," and pushed the mike into Anna's hands, who by this time was pretty well convulsed by the show.

"That's enough of this nonsense," she said on the air. "We're having a wonderful time."

In 1936 young Franklin went along with his father on the famous drought trip into the Northwest. He got pretty well bored before it was over, particularly with the game of backgammon, which seemed to be the popular way of passing the time between stops. At Jamestown, N. D., the train stopped for a platform crowd. It was early in the morning and the President was not dressed. He

sent young Franklin out to pinch hit for him. Franklin took the place by storm when he lounged onto the rear platform, waved a nonchalant hand at the crowd and said:

"The old man is sorry he can't come out now, but he will be through here again tomorrow morning, and he'll come out to see you then."

In the crowd, standing beside the train, were Harry Hopkins, WPA Administrator, and Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. They were stretching their legs and did not want to be recognized by the crowd. They started the crowd shouting at Franklin, "Speech, speech!"

He pointed to them in the crowd and said: "There're a couple of guys you ought to get to make you some real speeches."

Hopkins and Wallace ducked amid the laughter.

Franklin, incidentally, has something of a reckless streak in him. There is a story about his Harvard days to the effect that one day he got into an argument with a friend about automobile accidents. The upshot of the matter was a bet that he could drive a car into a tree at thirty miles an hour and not do any damage. He did, and won the bet. The only damage was to the fender and the tree. There are no complete figures on the number of brushes he has had with the law on account of reckless driving.

The fact of the matter is that none of the children could exactly be called immaculate as far as his record of brushes with the law in automobile driving is concerned. Both James and John have

had their little conversations with the police department on the matter of speeding. John once side-swiped a railroad train, with brother James as a passenger in his car, and it might have been a sad fatality. Sheer Roosevelt luck came to their rescue and all that happened was a damaged car and two frightened boys.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt are exceedingly understanding parents when it comes to the love affairs of their children. They have watched them go through the various stages, familiar to all young people, from "puppy love" to the real thing, and helped, doubtless, by their own memories of their youth, they are tolerant of all the various stages. A story is told of John, the youngest, and of his blossoming love affair with Anne Lindsay Clark of Boston, to whom he was married in June. Word of this attractive young lady and of John's interest in her had drifted to the White House. But the President and Mrs. Roosevelt were too wise parents to do any questioning.

Then came the day of Franklin Jr.'s wedding to Ethel du Pont. John said nothing about his plans but, as the newspapers carefully recorded, he slipped away from the pre-wedding day festivities and appeared at Wilmington with a young woman whom he refused to have photographed. He did not introduce his friend to the President. But, after the ceremony, when the guests were passing through the receiving line and each, in turn, was shaking hands with the bride, the groom, and the President, John appeared some distance down the line piloting a strange young lady in front of him.

He was serious. The young lady was nervous. The President, who was also serious, saw them coming and noted that they looked a little troubled. Being a good sport as well as a good father, he immediately came to their rescue and by the time they reached his side he was laughing and joking and, without any embarrassing restraint or pauses, put both John and his "lady friend" completely at their ease. Since then Anne, like the others of the family's "choices", has found a place inside the family circle.

There is said to have been a considerable amount of definitely expressed opposition among the du Pont family at the idea of Ethel du Pont's marrying a Roosevelt. The du Pont-Roosevelt political hostility was too wide a gulf, it was believed, for any such alliance. But Ethel, with Rooseveltian independence, continued to invite Franklin to her parties and to accept invitations to his. There may have been, also, some opposition on the Roosevelt side to this marriage. But, following the tradition of letting the young people work out their own destinies, it was never voiced. And on the appointed day the entire Presidential family was on hand for the ceremony, the President, in defiance both of tradition and of the suggestions of the Secret Service, standing in the receiving line for more than an hour and a half.

The high spot of that reception line was the moment when the bride, surrounded by friends, relatives, and a few newspaper men and photographers, went straight to the President, threw her

arms around his neck and gave him a resounding kiss, which he returned with interest. The bridesmaids forthwith asked for the same favor. The reports are that he got a little red at the prospect, but recovered his composure and went through it with gusto. Mrs. Roosevelt, standing nearby, enjoyed the proceeding hugely and when it was finished Franklin, the groom, raised his glass in a toast to the bride and then raised it again, this time in a toast of his mother.

This is all a very pretty picture, at least to outside appearances, but back of it all there has been an ominous cloud of bitter du Pont criticism of the President and all his works. In contrast with that bright wedding scene on a wide open lawn at the du Pont estate is the white hot opposition to the President that surges through the editorial offices of the du Pont evening newspaper in Wilmington.

There in that newspaper office busy typesetters must have chuckled as they set up stories of the du Pont-Roosevelt wedding and remembered setting up such headlines as "ROOSEVELT PROMISES—IF ANY?" and "MORE MILLIONS TO BE SPENT ON WORTHLESS PROJECTS!" And such editorial comment as "The President showed his lack of understanding of finances—"

"He (the President) goes up and down the country patting the public on the back, chucking it under the chin, and telling it that it looks happier than it did when he came into office. That is all his recent speeches amount to."

And, "The President's troubles are because his actions and his words do not always square."

Also the du Pont family probably has contributed more money than any other to defeat not only President Roosevelt but the whole New Deal.

According to a special Senate Committee investigating campaign expenditures, Lamont du Pont gave to thirty-four organizations fighting the President a total of \$173,000. That included one check of \$30,000 to the so-called "Jefferson Democrats."

Irénée du Pont gave \$166,630 to thirty-two different organizations.

Henry B. du Pont gave \$25,000, including a \$10,000 item to The Liberty League.

And be it remembered that there were exactly thirteen (count 'em) du Ponts at the famous Washington dinner of The Liberty League when Al Smith bitterly attacked the President in his "Take a Walk" speech.

Now what effect has all this on young Franklin Roosevelt and his du Pont bride? Do they laugh it off? And if so, can they continue to laugh it off?

Nor is the situation much less embarrassing in the two White House homes—that of Anna and Elliott—who married, by way of employment, into the Hearst dynasty; for there has been a no more bitter detractor of President Roosevelt than Mr. Hearst, who said in his *Washington Herald* in September, 1936, "Beyond a question of doubt the country will be bankrupt, if Roosevelt is re-elected." And being bankrupt is not the least

danger that Mr. Hearst's editorials see, for a front-page, two-column, black-face editorial said, "The Roosevelt administration has the endorsement of every natural and avowed enemy of the American system of government, every foe of the traditional American social order, and every adversary of the prevailing American economic plan." That leaves very little more that could be said by Mr. Hearst to make fairly clear the fact that he has not been and is not now highly enthusiastic about the President's policies, even though he does employ two of the President's family in his organization.

Mr. Hearst even indulged in a series of what his papers called: "Gullible's Travails," which parables had to do with a certain reckless king. He was called "King of the Land of Appalling Piffle." In one fable a guest of his remarked about a high mountain which they could see near the castle. The king replied that he had had a valley filled in and the mountain put in its place, and that he had done it with a lump sum appropriation for building valleys where mountains had been.

Another front-page, black-face editorial was entitled "A Reply to the President" and it ran in the *Washington Herald*, September 21st, 1936, and said, "The President has issued a statement through a secretary. He has not had the frankness to say that it refers to me, nor has he had the sincerity to state his complaint accurately. Nevertheless, since his conglomerate and rather ridiculous party of Socialists, Communists, and Renegade Democrats has consistently tried to make me an issue in their muddled campaign, I think I am

justified in assuming that I am the object of the statement and that I may courteously endeavor to correct Mr. Roosevelt's misstatements to set him right. Wherefore, let me say that I have not stated at any time whether the President willingly or unwillingly received the support of the Karl Marx Socialists, the Frankfurter Radicals, Communists and Anarchists, the Tugwell Bolsheviks and the Richberg Revolutionists which constitute the bulk of his following.

"I have simply said and shown that he *does* receive the support of these enemies of the American system of government and that he has done his best to deserve the support of all such disturbing and destructive elements. Mr. Roosevelt was elected on the Democratic platform and on the pledges he made continually throughout his whole campaign to support the Democratic platform in its entirety and to carry out its provisions scrupulously.

"He was no sooner elected than he repudiated the Democratic platform and the established policies of the party since its inception, and adopted the platform of the Karl Marx Socialists in almost every word and letter.

"He has sent Secretary Tugwell to preach Bolshevik doctrines throughout the nation, to array class against class, and to urge that the farmers and workers 'surge forward'—as, by the way, they have been doing so conspicuously in Spain—to establish class government in complete contrast to all American ideas and principles."

But more pointed than these indictments from

the *Washington Herald* is a statement from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* in June, 1936. This paper was suspended because of a strike during the months leading up to the elections, and when it resumed, John Boettiger, son-in-law of the President, took it over, with his wife, Anna, in charge of the woman's page. Even in that family edited newspaper occurred such lines as "With the inauguration of President Roosevelt the retreat of civilization reached America." "The Europeanization of America began with NRA." "Regimentation and Bureaucracy—twin tyrants—reared their heads for the first time in this country, sponsored by a party which was apostate to its Great Principles."

Then came an editorial after Mr. Roosevelt's Little Rock speech headed "Running True to Form" which said: "The President today stands where he stood three years ago—a threat against constitutional bulwarks." Then this newspaper coined the phrase, "The Raw Deal," and ran a banner head, "Democratic Revolt against Raw Deal Is Healthy Sign."

But the President has been attacked not only through front page, black-face editorials signed by Mr. Hearst himself, news stories, fables and parables in all the Hearst newspapers, including that run by the President's son-in-law and daughter. These papers have also turned to ridiculous, not to say bitter, cartoons, one of which showed a huge centipede curled up over a map of the United States. It was labeled "Farley's Spoils System." In another cartoon was a huge bear labeled "Russian

Communists." The bear was grabbing a little donkey labeled "Democratic Party." The title was "My Pal."

In recent months Mr. Hearst seems to have called off the most vituperative of his mudslingers, but I doubt if having these members of the President's immediate family working for him has had anything to do with it. Probably the change of front stems from the fact that the more Mr. Hearst shouted vituperations, the greater grew the President's popularity. But one cannot help wondering what the members of the President's immediate family who are in the employ of Mr. Hearst think of that gentleman's attacks on the President. Perhaps they just think what Mr. Hearst thinks is his business. A strange land, these United States—and a wonderful one!

To sum up with Elliott, the third of the President's family who works for Mr. Hearst—shortly after Elliott got his divorce in Texas and married again—he went to Los Angeles to become aviation editor for the Hearst papers. After a year of that, he was back in Washington with the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce where he helped edit its Year Book. Then after a year of that, he went to Fort Worth for the announced purpose of running a ranch out there. But shortly he joined a Fort Worth radio station staff. Hearst bought into Texas radio stations and Elliott explains that "he went along with the equipment."

Recently he is reported to have bought a controlling stock interest in a Fort Worth radio station through his wife.

The official report of this radio purchase said that the Radio Commission gave permission to Mrs. Ruth Googins Roosevelt on April 14th to buy Fort Worth Broadcasters, Inc., which owns Radio Station WFJZ. The purchase price of the station was officially given as \$57,500, of which \$12,500 was paid in cash by the wife of Elliott Roosevelt. After that purchase the President's daughter-in-law owned 313 shares of the station's stock, Elliott one share and Henry Hutchinson one; Elliott is president of the company and secretary-treasurer of the corporation, and Mrs. Roosevelt is vice-president. The Radio Commission further made a public announcement of the fact that Mrs. Roosevelt had assets in excess of \$89,500 and that her husband would be available for advice on matters of policies and management.

Elliott was very much in the news when, after the Kentucky Derby early last summer, he was attending a party and overheard a man criticising his father. As the newspapers put it, he greatly resented the personal implication of his father's detractor, and got into an altercation.

Elliott has always had a fiery temper, so those say who have known him from boyhood, and he is particularly resentful of any reflection on his father, whom he worships, and whom he looks upon as the greatest man who ever lived.

His own adventures into politics have been limited. In June, 1935, he was made Vice-President of the Young Democrats of Texas. But some of the young Democrats did not like so rapid a rise on the part of a newcomer and a considerable fight

was put up against him. He resigned several months later.

Elliott's home is a typical ranch house not far from Fort Worth. Early in 1937, he made an appeal for electric lights. When the local utility company refused to provide them, he organized a farmers' co-operative and made arrangements to get help from the Rural Electrification Administration, a New Deal enterprise designed to provide electric light and power for farm homes. That frightened the utilities and they came to terms. Meanwhile more than 1,098 farm customers joined Elliott's co-operative.

Elliott was in Kansas City when word of his brother Franklin's engagement to Ethel du Pont was announced. The reporters sought him out. He said he had known nothing about it until he read it in the newspapers. That same day Mrs. Roosevelt went through Kansas City. Elliott didn't know that either, nor did he see her.

"We have a big family," he explained, "and sometimes we lose touch." In a radio address prior to the last campaign, Elliott said: "I'm tremendously fond of my father, but it's awfully tough to be the son of a President. I try to stay as far away from Washington as I can."

I doubt, however, if any such motivation has played any part in Anna's, the President's only daughter, living in Seattle where, as I have already stated, her husband, John Boettiger, is editor of Mr. Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer* and Anna runs the woman's page.

A short time ago Anna and her husband went

to Portland, Oregon, where they were guests of honor at a very swank reception in the Multnomah Hotel. The party was hardly under way before it was thrown into a dither by the sudden and unexpected appearance of seventy-five uninvited guests who insisted on seeing the daughter of the President. The Boettigers were standing in a receiving line, when in walked seventy-five WPA snow-shovelers in wet overalls, heavy shoes, rough work-shirts. They had checked their shovels in the checkroom. They walked solemnly down the line, shook hands with the President's daughter, were served coffee and cake at the end of the line and then, at Anna's request, returned for a longer talk with her.

Anna, in Seattle, shuns the social whirl and works hard at her job. She sends her children to public schools, instead of the smart private schools. They are accompanied by a Secret Service man. In addition to running her page of the paper, she makes frequent talks to women's clubs and church groups, and, likewise lends a hand in "pep" meetings for the staff of the paper itself. Her page in the paper carries a column of home counsel, advice to women and girls on personal problems. It has a corner for the bright sayings of children, runs style pictures, book reviews and recipes.

All of the Roosevelt children are fond of their parents. But there was a particularly close relationship between Anna and her father when she was in the White House. At dinner parties she made frequent excuses to go up to him and his

eyes always lighted as he saw her coming. At dances she occasionally persuaded her partner to do some special capers when they got in front of her father. When Mrs. Roosevelt is at a dance where the boys are present each of the boys, in turn, asks for a waltz. She dances very well, and it is worth going a long way to see her, tall and handsome, dancing with one of her taller and handsomer sons.

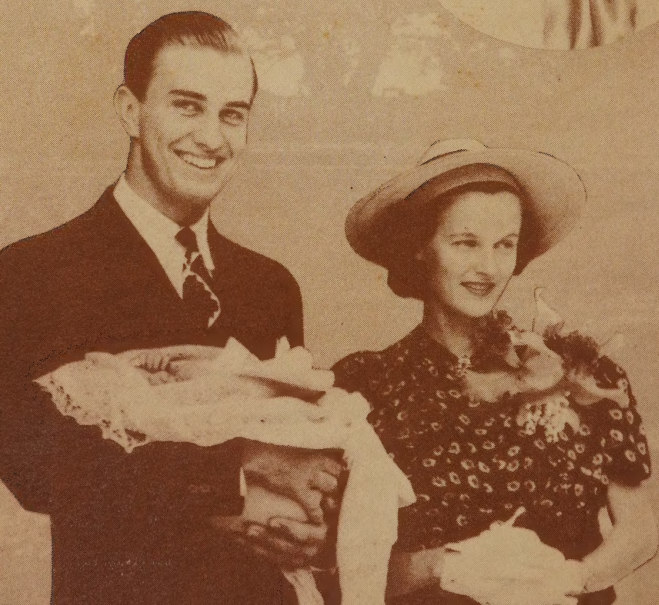
I started this book with a story of a certain morning during the last campaign when I visited Hyde Park. I told of how that morning all the Roosevelt family came out one by one after breakfast from Sistie and Buzzie to Grandmother Roosevelt; each member of the family scattering to the four winds, each going his or her own way, regardless of the others—to work, play, sports, or what have you? It was a perfect symbol of the almost ruthless intention that each member of this amazing family seems to have to live his or her own life.

And I end these pages with just as dominant a habit of the family, and that is the desire to get back together again in love and affection. They scatter in the morning, but they all like to get back under the family roof at night, on holidays, when trouble comes to them, when marriage comes, when babies are born, when clouds deepen about any of them. They rally to each other in good old American fashion, and there is no more clannish family in the nation.

Perhaps the most revealing little incident of the Roosevelt family solidarity happened last Christ-

mas. Mrs. Roosevelt and Anna were in Seattle, Elliott was in Fort Worth. The rest of the family was in Washington. A special three-way telephone service was opened and very early on Christmas morning, the children, the father and the mother scattered across this vast continent came to the phones for a long distance Christmas reunion. No one knows what was said across those thousands of miles of wire. But the chances are that there were the same stammerings and haltings, the same choked voices and the same kind of Merry Christmases that would happen in any healthy, wholesome American household. The reason that is so is because the people in the White House are, in the things they like and dislike and particularly in their relationships with each other, distinctly and distinctively American!

[THE END]



At the left is shown the President and his mother in White House receiving attire. In a circle beneath them appears the President's wife, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, also in evening dress.

The snapshot in the lower left corner shows Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and his wife, the former Ethel Du Pont, at Philadelphia, with the newest Roosevelt grandchild, Franklin D. Roosevelt, III.

The family group below, photographed at Seattle, Washington, is typical of These Amazing Roosevelts. Those pictured include John Boettiger, James Roosevelt, Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and her daughter, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, not forgetting the oft mentioned and eldest Roosevelt grandchildren, Buzzie and Sistie.



